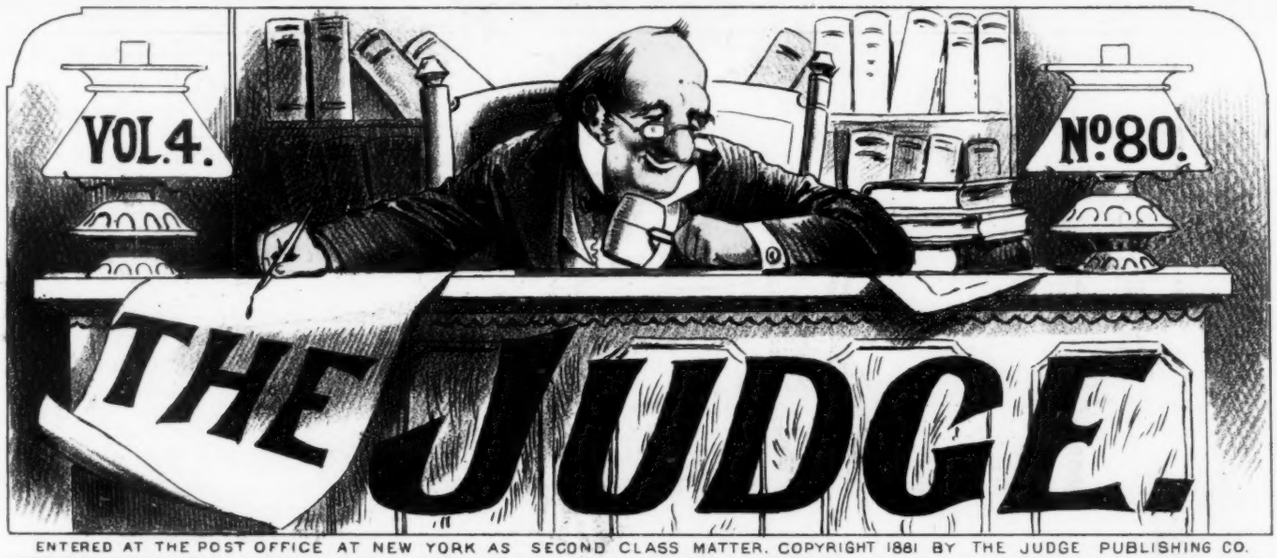


ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER. COPYRIGHT 1881 BY THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.

Price NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1883. 10 Cents.

The Congregational Brethren of Brooklyn Imploring the Rev. Beecher to return to the Fold.

THE JUDGE.

321, 323 and 323 Pearl St., (Franklin Square.)

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, ... $5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, ... 2.50
One copy, for 13 weeks, ... 1.25

POSTAGE FREE.

Address,
THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
321, 326 and 328 Pearl St., New York.

NOTICE.

Contributors must put their valuation upon the articles they send to us (subject to a price we may ourselves fix), or otherwise they will be regarded as gratuitous. Stamps should be inclosed for return postage, with name and address, if writers wish to regain their declined articles.

OUTSIDE THE FOLD.

HUMANITY is a good deal like a flock of sheep, and humanity, in its religious phases, is even more essentially ovine than in its everyday life. Where one goes, the rest follow, blindly, impulsively, unreasoningly. But once herd religious humanity, or any section thereof, into a pen, and let its inmates become accustomed to it, and let some old bell-wether proclaim it orthodox, and forthwith vanishes all the ovine docility, and in its place appears a very bovine (and human) intolerance. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is a man of a decided character, and he has put his mark very plainly on the people amongst whom he has lived. The sheep-like part of his nature is in a minority, and the self-assertive human part in a large majority. He is apt to think for himself, and act for himself—peculiarities on his part which render him an extremely recalcitrant member of the Congregational sheepfold—or, indeed, of any sheepfold. The inmates of the Congregational pen over in Brooklyn or elsewhere may be right or may be wrong in their ideas on the adjustment of matters spiritual, both here and hereafter; but to bring Mr. Beecher back to their way of thinking, they will have to convince his reason, and his reasoning powers probably outweigh by more than a little the aggregate mental endowment of the entire flock that is bleating at him. The pastor of Plymouth Church was born to be a leader of men, and not a follower of sheep; so if his flock desire to retain his guidance, they had better amble quietly after him into the pasture he has selected for them.

THE CANDIDATES' RACE.

EXERCISE is said to be the law of development, and if hard running be good exercise, our next President should be a well-developed athlete. The prize is worth a contest; it is something more than free lodgings at the White House for four years, and a good fat salary. It is the leadership of a great people; a place in the history of the country, and a chance for making a record (be it good or bad) such as falls to the lot of few men in a generation. Of the number of possible candidates in the field, THE JUDGE is inclined to say, as the wife of Bath said of her deceased husbands, "Some are just tolerable; some are bad." We may add, however, that the Presidential race contains an entry or two which we would with great pleasure see come to the front on the home-stretch. The country needs—as she always has needed and always will need—a firm, upright, able man at the head of her affairs. There are one or two such men—scarcely more—whose faces we recognize among the starters in the Presidential obstacle race, and that one of this minority may win is the hope of THE JUDGE and of every honest citizen throughout the country. And the fact that, among so many aspirants, there are so few who are qualified to adorn the place should they ever attain it, need not discourage the majority; for the men who form good Presidential timber are few indeed, and a man who is eminently calculated to adorn many another sphere might seem puny and ridiculous in the strong light that beats upon the lives of rulers. And has not the country had too much of weak, compromise Presidents? Is it not time for one of the representative men of either party to come to the front? In such a position, better anything than weakness. Welcome knavery, if better cannot be, rather than incompetency.

THAT PRECIOUS NEW CODE.

WE never regretted the limited amount of space which we can afford to devote to one subject more than now, when we wish to speak of the new code enacted to govern citizens on one day in the week. Volumes would be insufficient to say all that might be said about it—a remnant of the blue laws, suffered to exist on the statute-books of this year of grace—a senseless pandering to the unreasonable prejudices of a few strait-laced ascetics who would, if they could, forbid the sun from shining on the Sabbath day, and who have never, by act of grace or charity, deserved well of their fellow-creatures. The day that has been set apart by divine ordinance and by immemorial tradition as a day of rest and recreation, is perverted by these fanatics to a day of restraint and privation, and for some whimsical reason our legislators aid and abet them in their fanaticism. A man may not fish on Sunday—that gentlest of sports disturbs, forsooth, the quiet of the Lord's day; but a man may get drunk on Sunday, and it costs him no more than if he had postponed his orgies till Monday, or taken time by the forelock and filled up on Saturday. In short, in everyway in which short-sighted legislation could aid and abet narrow-minded prejudice, the workingman's only day of recreation has been spoiled for him. Fortunately the workingman has a voice in the election of those who govern him, and the next election may teach some of our Puritan legislators, to their cost, that the class against whose comfort they have been legislating has been observing them all the time. There is a rod in pickle for the men who have wantonly curtailed the people's innocent enjoyment, or THE JUDGE is very much mistaken.

"LOOK HERE UPON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS."

MR. J. KEPPLER, of *Puck*, is an artist whose talents, even if they have secured more recognition than they are worth, we have always regarded as sufficient to raise him above the temptation of plagiarism. Yet if anyone will take the trouble to compare the front page cartoon in the issue of *Puck* bearing date April 11th, with the second picture in Gerlach & Schenck's "Allegorein und Embleme," he will trace more than an accidental resemblance. This was what Mr. Keppler did: he traced the whole picture, as school-boys trace the outlines of a map, transferred it to his paper, and with unblushing effrontery signed his initials "J. K." in the corner. The guild of artists have a word to designate this species of self-appropriation. It is not petty larceny, but it is something similar. Let us recapitulate: Gerlach & Schenck, of Vienna, publish a picture of a female figure holding a book in one hand and a circlet in the other. It is an allegory, and they call it *Die Ewigheit*, or Eternity. Mr. Keppler publishes a picture of a female figure, identical in every detail of pose, form and feature, holding a book in one hand and a civic crown in the other. He adds a picture of Mr. Cooper, and calls the whole "In memory of our best citizen." With Mr. Keppler's large facilities for consulting foreign engravings and works of art, we may expect to find *Puck's* cartoons in future fully up to the standard of the best works of Vienna and Berlin.

THE MACHINE IN POLITICS.

THERE is a great deal of good vituperation wasted every election, and during the seething period of preparation which precedes every election, on the machine. This machine, according to its fluent detractors, is a wonderful engine for evil; it attracts everything bad and repels everything good that comes within the sphere of its influence, and, like the heart of man, is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. From mere force of reiteration this abuse has acquired certain weight, and unthinking people are apt to accept the mere accusation of belonging to the machine as a stigma—or something that ought to be regarded as a stigma—on a man. Does anyone ever stop to consider that where two or more men meet together to accomplish any purpose, there, of a necessity, is a machine. There is an object to be fulfilled and ways and means of fulfilling it; a propaganda and a programme, and all this is of the very nature and essence of what has been contemptuously designated

as a machine. There is a machine in the Democratic party; there is a machine in the Republican party. "Granted," cry the half-breeds, gleefully; "and it is against that very machine we have been inveighing." Ye poor half-breeds! How placidly ye discern the mote in your neighbor's eye, and how oblivious ye are of the beam in your own—for there is a machine in your own ranks—a very rusty, battered, inefficient machine, it is true, but a machine still. There is the purpose to be attained; there is the programme by which it is to be obtained, and there are the men who are laboring for that purpose and who have agreed upon that programme. There, then, are the component parts of the machine, and if you cannot cut grass, you can at least scare crows with it.

Do these milk-and-water workers in the Republican vineyard who have inveighed so loudly against the stalwart wing of the party and the machine whereby it works—do they ever realize what has been accomplished by that machine. In case they do not, THE JUDGE will tell them in a single word—everything. Everything, that is, that has been accomplished. What has kept the Republican party alive in this great Democratic city, and indeed throughout the State? The machine. What has enabled the party to preserve its organization against overwhelming odds, like the garrison of a citadel in an enemy's country? The machine, we answer again, and nothing but the machine. For in this Democratic city the rewards in the gift of Republicanism have been scant indeed—the soldiers who have fought and are fighting the good fight are no mercenaries. Right or wrong, they deserve credit for that; abuse is out of place, for the stalwarts have at least manifested the courage of their opinions. Would not example come with a better grace from the half-breeds than does criticism? They do not approve of what is being done; very well, let them step down and do better. The fight is not being made to suit them; be it so; let them make it to suit themselves; let them do something, anything—but above all let them *do* and stop talking.

Shakespeare describes a fop who comes mincing over the field of battle, and no figure that the divine bard has drawn for us is more supremely, whimsically ridiculous. The lordling did not like the dread accessories of war, and he showed his dislike, and we cannot but laugh at his affectation. But, at least, he did not venture to criticise the military conduct of the soldier he conversed with. The half-breeds are as ridiculous as this fop. They mince over a battlefield whereon they have never struck a blow, and they emphasize their affectation by daring to criticize those who have fought through it. And they wind up by a sneer at the machine. Shakespeare's lordling did not like "villainous saltpetre," and thought cannons ugly things; but he knew that battles could not be fought without them, so he contented himself with a passive dislike of the machine whose necessity outweighed his abhorrence. Are the half-breeds, in their hatred for the machine, more imbecile than Shakespeare's brainless fop?

THE EUROPEAN SCARE.

A NEWLY-ARRIVED ROAD AGENT MAKES THEM HOLD UP THEIR HANDS.

PARNELL'S "HONOR."

THE Vienna *Presse* asserts that Mr. Parnell, in an interview at Paris, gave his word of honor that three of ten men recently hanged in Ireland were innocent of the crimes for which they suffered. Unless Mr. Parnell is more reckless with regard to his word of honor than most men, and even than most Land Leaguers, it is fair to assume that he knew what he was talking about. But to be in a position to so authoritatively affirm the innocence of these men convicted by due process of law, he must have been pretty well cognizant of the secret history of the crimes in question; it is not too much to assume that he must have known the real criminals. THE JUDGE has all along pointed out the strong probability that the Land League is more or less affiliated with these murderous organizations which are causing the name of Ireland to stink in the nostrils of the civilized world. Circumstances connected with the late trials have confirmed this assumption in a startling manner, and now comes Mr. Parnell, pledging his word of honor in support of THE JUDGE's statements—explicitly asserting that the League, as personified by him, knows the inner history of those capital crimes for which Irishmen are figuring in the felon's dock. It is reasonable enough; from repudiation of lawful contracts to socialism is but a step, and between socialism and murder the finest observer would be puzzled to detect a boundary line.

"There is no wicket to the gate of law;
He who would e'er so lightly set ajar
The awful portal, must undo each bar."

Meanwhile Mr. Parnell occupies the unenviable position of a man who allows three innocent fellow-creatures to suffer for a crime, without testifying in their behalf, and without pointing out the real criminals. Did his reticence spring from a desire to spare trusty tools for whom more work remained to do, or did he fear that the ball of official inquiry, once set rolling in the right direction, might not stop till it reached his own feet. Answer "upon honor," Mr. Parnell.

THE size of David Davis seems to furnish a perennial fount for newspaper jokelets, and yet there is nothing intrinsically ridiculous about it—except his vest pattern. THE JUDGE is convinced that the Senator's fair bride did not laugh at his sighs when he came a-wooing, or she wouldn't be to-day Mrs. David Davis and a full partner in all the jokes made at his expense—or expanse, which is it?

FOR a Democratic people we Americans are pretty fond of titles. We have become accustomed to reading in our newspapers about ex-deputy-sheriff Smith, and Mrs. ex-assistant-district-attorney Brown, but when THE JUDGE finds an item like the following in an exchange he pauses and ponders: "To-be-hanged J. W. Jackson has been reprieved."

A YOUNG LADY had a song sent her called "Under the Willow," but her small brother put it in the fire before she got a chance to sing it. He explained that he had found a bully place to dig worms for bait, and he was afraid the snoozer had given it away.

SOME smart Yankee has invented an apparatus to relieve the strain on horses in starting heavily loaded horse-cars. Now let some one invent something to take the strain off passengers who have to stand up in the aforesaid cars.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.—Just the same old sunlight. No improvement.

A DANGEROUS BILL(Y).

LET THIS BE THE ATTITUDE OF EVERY AMERICAN ARTIST.

Mrs. Pennyfeather's Peregrinations.

I REGRET to state that Heraclitus came home in a slightly inebriated state night before last. I heard his footfall's music as it struck the first stair, and, I can tell you, all my soul responsive answered as I felt his presence near, and helped him into bed. As soon as he was sound asleep I arose, and with my customary caution proceeded to examine his pockets. He had evidently been playing poker to a good advantage, for I found a couple of chips rolled up with a lot of bills. I counted out what I considered a sufficient amount to console me for the indignation I experienced on account of his heartless and unfeeling conduct, and putting the money with my monthly allowance and what I had already cribbed from the housekeeping funds, found I should have a respectable sum to go shopping with on the morrow. The next morning he didn't want much breakfast, and drank ice-water instead of coffee. I sobbed, and buried my face in a lovely little handkerchief I had purchased for half its value a few days before, and the meal ended as I expected it would, by his coming around and kissing me, and telling me he would do anything to make his own sweet angel happy and comfortable. "Well, then," said I, between the sobs, "you can just stop in at Altman's and buy me a lovely black Spanish-lace parasol I saw there yesterday for thirty-two dollars, and half-a-dozen pairs of nice silk stockings, any color you choose. Then if you'll promise never to drink any more, I'll feel better, and won't say a word about your conduct to any of your folks." This last remark produced a telling effect, as I knew it would, and the parasol and stockings arrived before he did in the evening. As soon as he'd gone I started out for *my* fun; for surely if a man stays out half the night enjoying himself, it's a poor story if his wife can't stay out half the day. I'd seen a black brocaded velvet grenadine mantle at Hearn's a few days before, for forty-seven dollars—they would have been at least sixty anywhere else. I didn't really need it, but it was such a bargain, and would be so stylish with the parasol, that I felt as if I must have it. After I'd bought it the thought struck me that I really ought to have a dress to match, and so I invested in some of the same material as the mantle, for a suit. I didn't intend to get anything for Herac on account of his shameless behavior the night before; but there were some neckties there, so cheap, I couldn't resist the temptation; so I put them in with the rest, and by the time I'd left the store I'd spent a good many dollars more than I'd intended to, and hadn't enough left to get the bonnet I needed, and the trimming for the grenadine. Of course, under the circumstances, there was only one thing to be done, get the hat charged, and keep the rest of the money for other things. Heraclitus hates bills, and has positively forbidden my contracting debts; so, wondering how I was to keep him from finding this out, I went on down to McCreery's and found there some lovely lace, so cheap, that I got enough to trim the grenadine beautifully, and had money enough left to get an elegant black sash, at a bargain.

On my way up town I felt so hot and tired that I stopped in at Delmonico's and had a light lunch, and by the time I arrived home I had just seventy-five cents left in my pocketbook. I was fagged out, and every bone in my body ached; but I'd had a good time and got lots of bargains. The only thing that worries me now is, how I'm to pay for that hat. I've spent my allowance, and I *can't* crib any more from the housekeeping. I suppose I shall have to wait for Heraclitus' next spree, which is sure to come, sooner or later. Then, if his pockets are not full, I'll make life such a burden to him that he'll be glad to give me the money.

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

AMERICAN subscribers to the funds of the Land League will no doubt be highly edified to learn how the money they have furnished is being applied. Mr. Clifford Lloyd has unearthed a plot of wholesale murder in the west of Ireland. It appears that in January, 1882, a society was organized with the special object of killing landlords and agents, and, according to the confession of one of the leaders, this precious society was furnished with arms by the Land League, which also furnished funds to defray the expenses of men who were sent out of their own districts on murderous errands. This will be pleasant reading to the honest workingmen of this country who have so liberally subscribed to the Land League funds for far different purposes.

THEY say that D'oyley Carte's real name is Doyle McCarthy; that Signor Bianconi was originally Bryan Cooney; and John T. Raymond makes no secret of the fact that his father's name was O'Brien, and yet still we are tormented by the cry of "more injustice to Ireland."

A MOVING STRAIN.

BY THE JUDGE'S CITY LYRIST.

AIR: FROM THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

WHEN the enterprising drayman's not a-draying,
Not a-draying;
When expressmen are not busy all the time,
All the time,
They long with household goods to go a-Maying,
Go a-Maying,
And to hunt the nimble dollar and the dime.

When the Brooklyn ferry lines run extra barges,
Extra barges,
And all New York is moving in a day,
In a day:
'Tis then expressmen revel in their charges,
In their charges,
And fatten on the merry first of May—oh!
When the shifting of the chattels 's to be done,
To be done,
A housewife's life is not a happy one.

When old carpets will not fit the new apartment,
New apartment;
When the crockery gets smashed *in transitu*,
Transitu;
When the transfer people's little bills for cartment,
Bills for cartment
Are seasonably multiplied by two,
'Plied by two;
When the favorite of your Lares and Penates,
And Penates
Has gone most unaccountably astray,
'Bly astray,
You can readily conjecture what the date is,
What the date is,
And charge it to the merry first of May—oh!
When the oyster's brief vacation has begun,
Has begun,
The housewife's life is not a happy one.

THE longer we live the more we find out. A scientific sharp says the molecules of which the aurora borealis is composed are stratified by a peculiar action of the particles on each other, causing the waves of vibration to elongate eliptically and to contract on their own orbits laterally, producing a scintilating corruscation, which is in turn absorbed and then dispersed. This settles it, and entirely demolishes the theory that the aurora borealis is caused by swarms of fire-flies alighting on top of the north pole.

A LADY poet asks: "How can I tell him that I love him no more?" There are divers ways. If he lives out of town, and economy is an object, she might apprise him of the depressing fact by postal card; or get her brother to tell him; or wait until a telephone line is established; but if she wishes him to receive the news, as if by magic, she should divulge the state of her feelings to a couple of members of the sewing-circle.

STREET-CAR conductors complain that old ladies punch them in the back with parasols when they want the car stopped. If the conductor is a total-abstinence man, old ladies do wrong to treat him to "punches"—tho' perhaps he would not complain if they were whisky punches.

IT is a good thing to sit in the choir. One need not listen to the sermon, and he can gaze at the passing of the contribution box with complacency.

THE Hindoos are said to have 300,000,000 gods. Mr. Vanderdilt only has about 200,000,000.

MODERN BANKING.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows."—SHAKSPEARE.

I've seen the streamlet cut its way
Through banks of reed and ozier spray;
I've seen it run 'neath grasses dank—
But never a green and verdant bank.

I've seen the banks of Baden and Ems,
(A kind of banking law now condemns)—
Where the croupier gathers the tinkling franc—
But never a green and verdant bank.

I know a bank—I won't say where—
Where the tiger lurks in his deadly lair;
Where all my money was sunk, or sank—
But never a green and verdant bank.

Wherefore I say, if you have the cash,
Go to the Park and cut a dash;
Buy what you will—play any prank—
But put it not in a verdant bank.

I have put my money in stocks and shares,
To be gored by bulls and hugged by bears;
I have antied margins while values shrank—
But nary a green and verdant bank.

I have bet four times on a losing queen;
I have called the turn where no turn has been;
I have toyed with lotteries rife with blanks—
But never with green and verdant banks.

I've gone on notes for a man that drank;
Insured small vessels that always sank;
Lent coin to foreigners on their rank—
But never a green and verdant bank.

I've known of banks—I've known of scores—
Where a smiling president closed the doors,
Murmuring sweetly, "We'll pay, perhaps;"
These are the green and verdant chaps.

I've always wondered at banks like those—
Admired their impudence when they close—
The only banks, I should suppose,
Wherein legitimate "wild time" grows.

When the depositor gets one cent,
My sympathies go where the dollar went,
And I earn the President's hearty thanks—
But I keep my money from verdant banks.

G. H. J.

ON hearing that Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, of Ira, Cayuga county, who had separated several months, were living together again, a large party tendered them an old-fashioned horning, of such volume that a large plate-glass window where they were staying was demolished.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

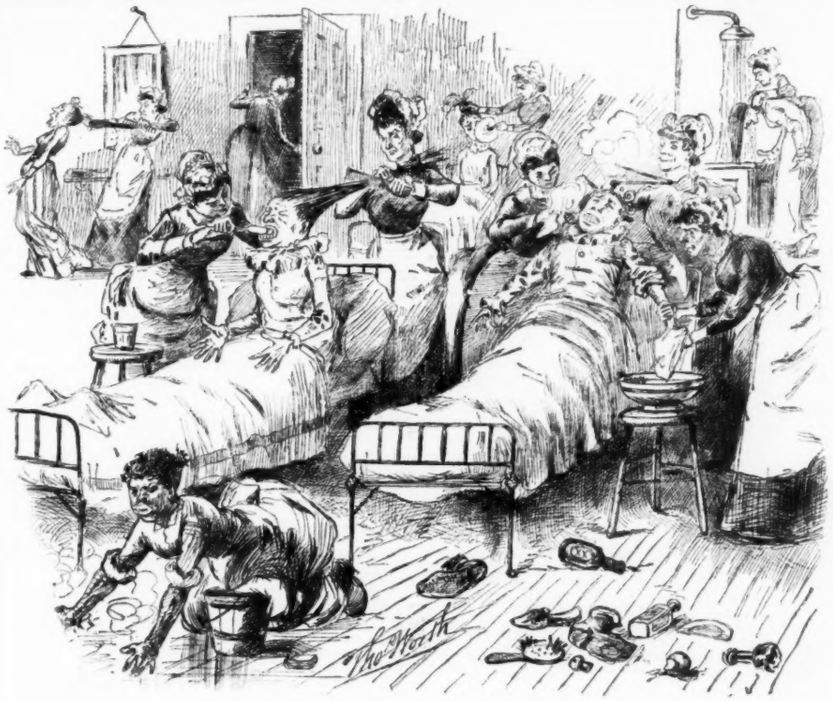
Probably they imagined that their famous relative had arrived unexpectedly from Canada, bringing the remains of his storm in his pocket. This is our last comment on Wiggins. We swear it!

AN exchange speaks of the "dear old hymn which begins, "Let joy be unconfined." It was Byron who wrote "On with the dance; let joy be unconfined," and Byron had quite a local reputation as a poet in his day; but few people remember him as a hymn writer.

AN item about the suicide of a dog is going the rounds. We hope this pastime will become more fashionable amongst animals—not that we have anything against dogs; but then just consider, when the hogs begin to kill themselves off, how delightful life in this great city will become.

THE HEIGHT OF ASSURANCE.—To deadhead a two cent stamp from the paying teller to stick on a forged check.

A BERNHARDT fiend says nothing's thinner than Sara,
And doubtless Miss Bernhardt's as thin as the deuce is;
Yet we think her tenuity will scarcely bear a
Comparison with an old club man's excuses.



ALMSHOUSE METHODS.

Scrubbing up the patients previous to the Inspector's rounds.

TEWKSBURY ALMSHOUSE, MASS., STYLE.

AN infant, incautiously left near an open window, would infallibly have fallen out had not a terrier, which happened to be in the room, seized it by its clothing and held it till assistance arrived. After this, some of our esteemed fellow-citizens, who have been accustomed to regard the soubriquet of "terrier" as a term of reproach, will change their opinion. If anyone hereafter calls another a terrier, the recipient of the title will no longer smite his interlocutor on the jaw, but will bow in gracious acknowledgment of the compliment, and will display his society's medal for saving life, if he happens to have one about him.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR and party, it is said, will camp at Gardner's Island, on the Kissimee, a week or so, "beyond any telegraphic communication." Why he should want to get beyond easy telegraphic communication is easily understood. He doesn't want his fishing exploits telegraphed all over the country.

THE JUDGE thinks that the Norristown *Herald*, from which he copies the above item, has not hit the true reason. The very name of Kissimee suggests that whatever transpires there shall not have the publicity of the telegraph. "Kiss and never tell" is a good motto, says THE JUDGE, whether it's kiss me or kiss President Arthur.

"HERBERT SPENCER is a very punctual man. In his boarding-house the ladies set their watches by his comings and goings." His being a "punctual" man must be a source of great comfort to his landlady. One objection to keeping a boarding-house is the lack of punctuality displayed by boarders, particularly at the end of the week.

A GENTLEMAN took some copy to a newspaper office, and the editor refused to publish it. Yet some people say that editors "never refuse."

MR. VEREKER is not a Wiggins, by any means, but he has a very well-defined idea of the style of weather that suits him. "Ah," he often observes, "before I was married I didn't care what the weather was; but now anything except very temperate weather tries me painfully." "How so?" asked a friend. "How has matrimony unfitted you for the 'inclemency of the seasons?'" "Well," replied Vereker, "when a man is a householder he must chip the ice off his front-door step with a hatchet, and shovel the snow off the sidewalk in winter. If he is a married man, he must get up and start the fire for his wife in the morning." "Yes, but in summer, Mr. Vereker —" "In summer! oh then, well, darn it all! he has to take his family to the seaside."

AMONG the bodies of the victims of the Diamond mine disaster brought to light by the searchers was that of one of heaven's best gifts to man—a mule—alive and kicking when the disaster happened.

Far from the upper light of day,
This patient toiler passed away;
No more he'll hear his mother's neigh,
No more his honored sire's hoarse bray
Will summon him to oats and hay
Alack, alack and well-a-day,
He kicked the bucket, and is clay.

UNDER many provocations, in the face of much disappointment, despite numberless aggravating interferences, Mr. Salmi Morse has kept his temper admirably. No one would imagine that he ever had been in a passion in his life; and yet, if report speak truly, he or his backers are in a Passion—at least $30,000 worth.

NOTHING was made in vain. There's some use for that atom, the "dude," but we can't see it.

SCENES that are brightest are invariably the first to fade. Patti and Salchi, with the brilliant audiences that followed in their train, have vanished from the Academy. Nilsson has taken her departure. Albani's brief visit is finished, and even the voice of Jumbo is no more heard in the land. Modjeska has finished her engagement at the Fifth Avenue theatre, and there is little comfort to be derived from the fact that Langtry has taken her place. Between these two actresses there is a great wide gulf, and comparisons between them must necessarily be to the disadvantage of the latter. Even off the stage, Modjeska is incomparably charming. She is gifted with a winning manner, a trifle foreign in its gracefulness, and her faintly Polish accent adds to the witchery of her conversation. She has a handsome, expressive face, and in a piece like "Odette" is able, by the force of her presentation, to make up for the short-comings of the dramatist. On the other hand, Langtry is conventional and self-conscious. All her gestures are studied, and even her smile is practised and artificial. It produces the same effect on THE JUDGE that the grin of the cat did on Alice in Wonderland. As if it were not enough to follow in the footsteps of a great artist like Modjeska, she courts criticism in another direction by appearing almost simultaneously with Mary Anderson in "Galatea," a part particularly well suited to Miss Anderson's style, and one she plays exceedingly well. Mrs. Langtry's performance lacks all the delicacy and refinement that characterize Miss Anderson's, and the artlessness and ingenuousness of the latter are painfully forced in the former. She hasn't a spark of the true dramatic fire, but is simply a pretentious woman, with an unlimited amount of assurance, but she has made a large amount of money, and will go back to her native heath a richer and more notorious, if not a wiser woman.

This is not only the last week of Salvini in America, but it is the last week of Booth's theatre, so to speak. Salvini's performances have frequently been noticed in THE JUDGE, and they are as soul-stirring and harrowing as usual. In "The Outlaw," Miss Morris is very impressive, and her influence added to Salvini's impersonation makes the piece painful to a degree. Mr. Stetson's extra special matinee, at this theatre, last week, resulted in adding a handsome sum to the Actors' Fund.

"The Sorcerer" is at the Casino. Lillian Russell has recovered, is in good voice, and earns an encore almost every night for "The Silver Line," which she introduces in the second act.

"Around the world in Eighty Days" is brilliantly produced at Haverly's. The costumes, the dances, the elephant, etc., combine to form an imposing pageant.

Boucicault is playing at The Star in "The Shaughran," to fair audiences. Elton is very good. Herbert does not invest his part with much interest, but Miss Martinot is a pretty "Moya," and Mme. Ponisi is excellent.

"A Bunch of Keys" continues successful at the San Francisco Opera House. "Fortunio and his seven gifted sisters" may be seen at the Cosmopolitan. Carrie Swain is playing in "Cad, the Tom-boy" at Daly's, and "The Silver King" is prolonging his reign at Wallack's. Aldrich and Parsloe are playing "My Partner" at the Grand Opera House. Mr. Pitt has commenced a series of revivals of modern English comedies at The Bijou. He has a fine company, but we hope we shall not lose "Caste" altogether if we defer further observations on this new enterprise until our next issue.

This is how the exchanges sing
Of the coming in of Spring:
By the fitful wind that blows,
By the tickling of our nose,
By the aching of our corns,
By the need of stiffer horns,
By the gas bills, big and bigger,
By the landlord's hateful figure,
By the toil we have to raise
Money for these settling days;
By the house that "takes us in,"
By the drayman's awful bill,
By the wheezing of the asthma—
Part of April's first phantasma—
By the deuce to pay at home,
We may know that Spring has come.

Greensburg Press.

CORRESPONDENTS.

S. S.—Not quite suitable.

FLANDERS.—Quite out of our line.

F. T.—You will hear from us in due course.

PROCTOR.—Try again. The joke involved is too venerable to be trifled with.

PETER THE HERMIT.—Retire to your hermitage and practice hermitry, but leave poetry alone.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.—Not quite suitable. Too much verbiage. Try again; and try to be more concise.

ARTHUR F.—Some men were born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. You may possibly belong to the second category; but, if so, you will have to do a good bit of achieving in the remainder of your life.

A. F. G., Baltimore.—You are too sensitive. THE JUDGE has no desire to hurt your feelings, but if 29,999 of our readers approved of a given line, and you disapproved of it, we are sycophantic enough to go with the majority, and leave you out in the cold.

WEST TROY.—You are altogether too prolific. Write less, considerably less, and take more time and pains. You not infrequently spoil a good thing by careless treatment; and short prose sketches are more acceptable to us than poetry.

THE doctors say that many deaths are caused by funerals, owing to people standing with their hats off in the open air, and exposing themselves in various ways. The number of funerals caused by deaths, however, is far greater, and may be said to include the bulk of the trade of our undertaking establishments.

PRIZE fighting is forbidden, and its votaries are mostly forbidding.

REAPING HIS HARVEST.

SMALL NOVEL-READER.—"*In your last novel it says, 'A man with a pistol can take his pick'. So just hand me over all your best works, and be quick about it!*"

MR. SLIMKINS MAKES A MISTAKE.

"YES, I've made a mistake this time," muttered Slimkins as he awoke me by sitting down on my feet and then proceeded leisurely to unlace his lavender-topped patent leathers, of which he was so proud.

Slimkins and I roomed together—not because we were extravagantly fond of one another, but because our limited salaries forced us to practice economy.

"What have you been up to now?" I asked, resting my head on my hand and looking sympathetically at him.

"Singing!" he mournfully replied.

"What!" I shouted; "why, you can't sing."

"That's what I thought myself before I tried," Slimkins answered, "but I didn't do so bad, after all. Now, if you don't give me away to the boys, I'll tell you the whole affair after I get this confounded shoestring loose.

"You see, I went to call on old Squeezer's daughter to-night. He's a rich old cuss, a little inclined to apoplexy—head man in Squeezer, Pressem & Co., you know—and she'll have a nice little pile some day. I was introduced to her the other night at the armory. She seemed rather surprised to see me, and made out she didn't know my name, just to hide her confusion at the unexpected honor, etc., of my call, I suppose. Her embarrassment soon wore away, however, and it wasn't long before I had her laughing at my jokes. She laughed at everything I did; she laughed when I told her how much these confounded shoes——where's your knife? I can't get these blasted strings untied! I didn't let her know, though, that it took pretty near a week's salary to pay for them.

"Of course I wanted to make a good impression, so I told her I could do almost anything. Among other things I mentioned in an off-hand way that I was an elegant singer. That's where I made a big mistake.

"It would have been all right if I hadn't mentioned that confounded singing, for she couldn't very well have asked me to display my ability in rowing or try a hundred-yard dash in the parlor; but she had me when I mentioned music.

"She began to coax me to sing; and you may not believe it, but when she once began to coax, and her rich and apoplectic daddy loomed up before my imagination, there was no withstanding. So she at last wheedled me into it. I don't see how in the world she did it; but she did, and I gave her a few snatches of song."

"Great Heavens!" I gasped, "what did you sing?"

"Oh, I killed as much time as I could looking over her music and getting her to sing and play to me, thinking she might forget all about it; but she had too good a memory for that.

"It is unnecessary to inform you that I don't know anything about music, although I can 'talk' it first-rate; but I wasn't going to let her know it, so I said, thinking if I was going to flunk at all that I'd do it with glory, 'Now, Miss Squeezer, I'm afraid you are beginning to doubt my ability as a singer; so, to show you that I really can sing, just pick out the most difficult piece you have, and I'll sing it at sight.

"I thought that would be a pretty good scheme, because I'd have a good excuse if I broke down. I wish now, instead of singing 'at sight,' I had taken the usual three-days' grace.

"Well, she selected some infernal opera—Italian, I think—she said she chose that because I told her I spoke Italian—and I began. We got along very well at first, for she had to play two or three lines before it was my innings; but it didn't go so well after I commenced. I guess she played the accompaniment wrong, for just as sure as I'd sing bass she would be playing high, or trilling, or something; and when I'd display my tenor, she was playing something that resembled thunder. It's lucky she chose Italian, tho', for I used to take great delight in listening to those little fellows who sing in the streets, and therefore had a slight insight into the Italian method of procedure. But I guess I sung pretty well, for she asked me why I didn't join an Italian opera troupe. She said something, too, about a hand-organ, but I forget what it was.

"By-the-way, that opera — I forget the name; but it was something about the Devil, as near as I could make out—must be awful funny when it's translated."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, I could even hear them laughing in the next room, and old Squeezer's daughter was just shaking all through the piece."

"Was that all you sang?" I inquired.

"Yes; I was just beginning another, when old Squeezer himself came into the room, looking mad as a hornet—now don't you ever breathe this to a living soul!—and said, 'See here, young man! if you don't stop this infernal noise, I'll call the police. I heard you two blocks off, and I don't intend to be brought up for keeping a disorderly house!' Of course I had to stop at this gentle hint, as it was getting late, and here I am.

"Yes, it was a big mistake," Slimkins again repeated as he took his position before the looking-glass for his usual five-minutes' devotion before retiring; "but I sang pretty well, though, even if I do say it myself!"

R. WILLIAMS.

"I s'hay, Mister; let'sh have a dollar on thish, will yer? I'll take it out agin at the end of the month."

THE police have been raiding the gambling houses lately, with marked success. They have carried off fabulous numbers of "chips," the only trouble being that they cannot cash them in or play them off when the "cruel raid is over."

THE VALUE OF CONTENTMENT varies according to circumstances. Vanderbilt's contentment is valued at a hundred million: THE JUDGE'S about seventy-five cents less.

MR. VEREKER is a little bit of a joker—not in the "best bower" sense, but he loves puns and conundrums and such like. The other day, as he lay on his bed industriously trying to live down a headache which he had acquired by conviviality overnight, his wife undertook to reason with him. He was too far gone to say much, but he feebly inquired, "My dear, why are you like the last drink I took last night?" then, before she could reply, he added, "Because you are one too many for me." "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. V.," ejaculated his better-half angrily. "You ought to be blushing for your conduct, instead of lying there making conundrums on the bed." "Conundrums on the bed," said Vereker; "I never made a conundrum on bed. Here's one, though:

'Formed long ago, but made to-day;
Is oftenest used while others sleep;
Which no one likes to give away,
And no one likes to keep.'

"Answer: Bed. See it?" he added, with a chuckle. "Well, sir," said Mrs. V., stammering with indignation, "your bed won't be made to-day unless you get out of it, I can tell you that. And if I take that fire-shovel to you, as I feel very much like doing, you'll keep it for some time to come."

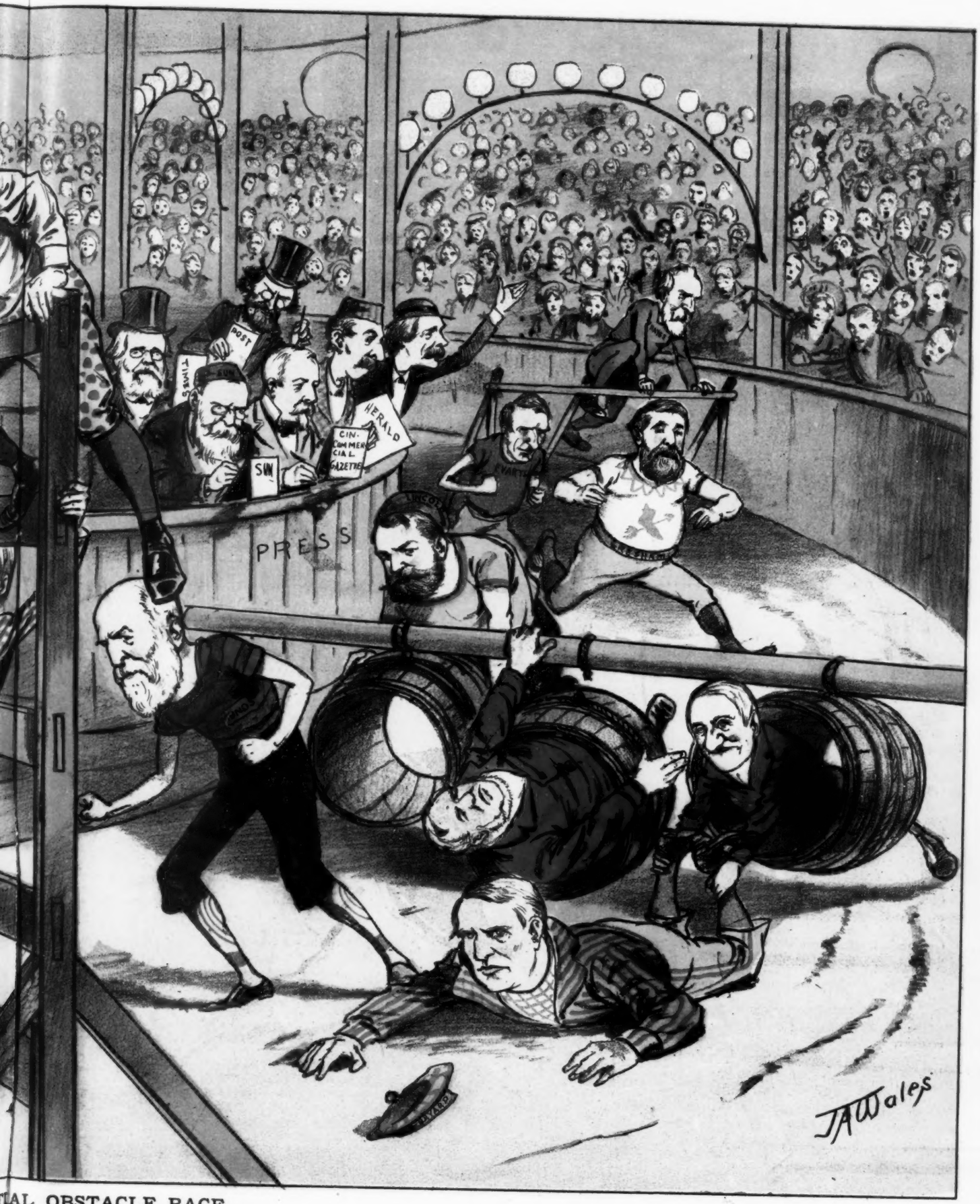
A FASHION item tells us that birds will be more used than ever for the adornment of hats this season, and even butterflies and other insects will be pressed into the service. What other insects? Inquiry loses itself in this illimitable field of conjecture.

Where flowers have been it is but right
That butterflies should flit and light;
But "other insects!"—can it be
We'll have the omnipresent flea,
The ant sagacious, busy bee,
The hornet of the hollow tree,
The cockroach and the gladsome fly—
Blest substitute for fruit in pie—
The Croton insect from the jug,
Or (happy thought!) the lady bug?

JUST as soon as the murderer got through with his talk to the gaping crowd, the sheriff dropped the subject.

Is life worth living? That depends on the liver.

THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL O



TAL OBSTACLE RACE.

THE NEW OCTOPUS; OR, THE TICKER AND ITS VICTIMS.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES.

WITH PATENT SELF-SUGGESTING MORALS.

NO. II.

THERE was an angry whistle in the wind, and the darkness which was gathering fast contributed to make the scene more terrible. On one side was the mighty ocean, lashed into fury by the tempest, and on the other was the white line of breakers that marked the rocks of a low-lying and treacherous shore. And close, perilously close to the cruel stony beach, the good ship "Republican" battled with the hurricane, and strove to claw off the lee shore that menaced her with destruction. On her deck all was confusion. The officers were bawling to the men, who ran hither and thither in obedience to the half-heard and contradictory orders; but nothingwas accomplished, and the resistless set of the mighty waves was bearing the ship nearer and nearer to the dreaded rocks. But where was the captain?

Message after message had been brought to him in his cabin, but whether he refused to realize the imminence of the peril, or whether, sunk in the apathy of despair, he had lost faith in the power of human aid, he did not rouse himself. Suddenly, with a sound like the report of a cannon, heard above the howling of the tempest, the mainsail was blown from its bolt-ropes, and vanished like a white cloud in the darkness to leeward. The captain started; at the same instant the door of the cabin was dashed open and ex-pilot C—k—g entered.

"Captain Arthur," he said, firmly but respectfully, "you have thought proper to take the charge of this ship out of my hands. How you will answer to the owners if accident befalls is no concern of mine. I can only regret that I used my influence with the owners to secure you the appointment to a position which you are manifestly unfitted to fill. Meanwhile, however, I and my friends are on board this ship, and we do not propose to see her go to pieces without an effort being made to save her. Rouse yourself, then. You used to be a good sailor. Your place is on deck, not down here."

"Are things so bad, then?" inquired the captain.

"They are as bad as they can be. Come on deck and see for yourself."

In another moment the captain was on the bridge, and his night-glass swept the horizon. "There are breakers under our lee," he said.

"Is it possible that this is the first intimation he has had of them?" thought the pilot.

"Breakers dead ahead!" sang out the lookout in the bows.

"I thought as much," said the pilot. "That is the '84 shoal, and if we strike it there won't be a plank in this ship fit to swim again."

"But what am I to do?" asked the captain, helplessly.

"Take command of your own ship; you have men on board who have weathered as bad storms as this one—though I don't know that the grand old ship was ever in such a tight place before," added the pilot, as his keen eye took in at a glance all the manifold horrors of the situation. "However did you manage to get her into such a box? Who was the officer of the watch?"

"Lieutenant Chandler," answered the captain.

"That settles it."

"Well," began the captain——but a terrific shock which threw both from their feet, interrupted him. All was confusion in a moment. The ship had struck.

* * * *

The moral of a shipwreck is evident enough, and the French express it neatly in the words *sauve qui peut*. Will President Arthur kindly arouse himself and act so that the moral will not next year apply too forcibly to the Republican party?

All the latest importations of Paris dresses have short skirts.—*Fashion Note.*

The new styles of ladies' stockings are richly embroidered, and some of them very costly.—*Another Fashion Note.*

Read these two items in connection, ye fathers and husbands of to-day, and tremble. The effect will be pretty—sweetly pretty; at least one effect will. Another effect will be a startling increase in the hosiery bills.

THE Kittaning (Pa.) *Times* prominently advertises "J. Donaldson's Kittaning Nurseries." THE JUDGE has cut out the "ad." and will take it home and submit it to his favorite maltese.

Castoria.

Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle
In spite of doctors and the cradle;
Thus it was that our pet Victoria
Made home howl until sweet **Castoria**
Cured her pains;—Then for peaceful slumber,
All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

PILES PERMANENTLY ERADICATED IN 1 TO 3 weeks without knife, ligature, or caustic. Send for circular containing references. DR. HOYT, 36 West 27th st., New York.

Read's 3-minute Headache and Neuralgia Cure never Fails.
Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cts.
W. H. READ, Baltimore and Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

CHAMPAGNE "DE MONTIGNY."
JUDGE: I pronounce this delicious wine
UNXLD.
All in court have glasses filled, and cheer,
"DE MONTIGNY!"
Extra first quality dry.
E. C. RAMSDEN, Sole Agent, 108 Front St., N. Y.

A CARD.
To all suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, N. Y.

GENUINE Transparent Cards. Each Card contains a **RARE** Scene, visible only when held to the light. **Warranted to suit.** Full deck of 52 cards by mail for 50c. prepaid. Stamps taken. F. CATON & CO., Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

Columbia Bicycle
is what every Boy wants, and what every Man ought to have.
Send 3-cent stamp for new, elegantly illustrated 36-page Catalogue and Price List.
THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,
605 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
New York Riding School, 34th st., near 3d av.

STOP HERE! TWO PICTURES of MALE and FEMALE BEAUTIES, only 15c. Four for 25c. With Model Love letter and Catalogue. W. FOX, Fultonville, N. Y. (name paper.)

A Revolution in Pens.
THE LANCASTER GOVERNMENT FOUNTAIN PEN does not destroy the character of the handwriting—always ready—sent to any address on receipt of price, $3.50, fitted with 14-karat Gold Pen. A PERFECT STYLOGRAPHIC PEN at only $1.00.
212 Broadway, New York.

A GOOD HIT!

A NEW LOVE STORY OF THE WAR, BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANDERSONVILLE," ETC.

THE RED ACORN

By JOHN M'ELROY, Editor Toledo Blade.

2,300 Copies Sold in Advance of Publication.

12mo., 322 pages. Cloth; Black and Gold Side and Back Stamps. Price, $1.25.

A fascinating War Story, dealing with real flesh-and-blood people, in style vividly realistic, and so wide a departure from the conventional novel that it cannot help attracting wide-spread attention. Its scenes are laid in Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee during the War, and will prove very exciting reading to lovers of historical fiction.

The publishers have spared no expense in getting up this book, and it will be found to excel their other popular publications in every respect.

Order at once of the publishers, or of your bookseller. Mailed on receipt of price by the publishers.

HENRY A. SUMNER & CO.,
205 Wabash av., Chicago, Ill.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

CHOCOLATES

Baker's Premium Chocolate, the best preparation of plain chocolate for family use.—*Baker's Breakfast Cocoa*, from which the excess of oil has been removed, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids.—*Baker's Vanilla Chocolate*, as a drink or eaten as confectionery is a delicious article highly recommended by tourists.—*Baker's Broma*, invaluable as a diet for children.—*German Sweet Chocolate*, a most excellent article for families.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO
Dorchester, Mass.

AGENTS CAN NOW GRASP A FORTUNE. Outfit worth **$10** free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay st., N. Y.

CANDY Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best candies in the world, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.
Address, **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.**

A man named Rankin Peagrim was tried in the Austin District Court for murder last week. His plea was self-defense. When the case was called for trial the judge asked the prisoner's counsel, "Are you ready for the defense?" Up spoke the prisoner: "Jedge, how can we be ready for defense when the sheriff took both my means of defense away from me. The one that I self-defended the man with has an ivory handle, and ef I had it now I'd be ready for trial, you bet!" The prisoner's lawyer had great difficulty in calming down his client. The case is watched with considerable interest.—*Texas Siftings.*

If I knew a poet that sang of Spring,
(Says I to myself, says I),
I'd grab his muse and I'd break her wing,
(Says I to myself, says I.)
I'd chain him down to a spike in the floor,
Make him eat his meals through a hole in the door,
Till he'd swear to sing of Spring no more,
(Says I to myself, says I.)
Williamsport Breakfast Table.

A CORRESPONDENT says: "How would you advise me to spend Sunday, anyway?" You should not spend Sunday, and above all you should not spend it anyway. Sunday is the Lord's day, and you should not spend anything that does not belong to you, lest you be arrested for embezzlement.—*Ark. Trav.*

SUPPOSED to be in St. Paul on St. Patrick's day: "Pat, wud yez look at 'em now?" Mike was gazing intently on the procession. "See, now, the fellows phat drinks the whisky all on fut, and the fellows phat sell it all a-roidin'." Mike grasped a pregnant fact.—*Duluth Tribune.*

A WOMAN is never content to say, "He pulled my hair." She particularizes thus: "He pulled the hair of my head." This is necessary in order to distinguish between the hair of her head and the head of her hair which she purchased at the store.—*Boston Transcript.*

AN old woman who has for many years kept a news-stand at the corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane, New York, died the other day worth $10,000. It seems impossible for any one to be connected with newspapers without making money.—*Phila. News.*

"YOU wouldn't take me for a married man, would you?" asked a student of a Cortland girl last Sunday night. "I rather think I would if you should ask me," was the response. He brought a ring next day. —*Marathon Independent.*

"WHY," exclaimed the good man the first time he saw the ballet, "it is quite decent, isn't it?"—and he turned sadly homeward, a thoroughly disappointed being.—*Boston Transcript.*

STRANGER in Boston—"Can you direct me to the house in which Emerson lived?" Bostonian—"Emerson! Don't know 'im. But I can show you the saloon where Sullivan took a drink."—*Philadelphia News.*

The fellow who, by mistake, sent his auburn-haired sweetheart instead of a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup a bottle of hairdye wants to know the best way to commit suicide.

SCRAP PICTURES. 280 Fine Pictures by mail, on receipt of 75 cents, stamps. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., New York.

6 SHIRTS FOR $6.00.

Made of Wamsutta Muslin (the best), with fronts reinforced, bosoms of fine Irish Linen, 3-ply, all seams double-stitched. No better Shirt can be made. A sample and rules for measurement sent by mail for $1.15. State size of collar worn. Circular and samples of materials sent free. Two fine Cambric Collars and a pair of Cuffs, nicely laundried, sent for 20c., worth 50c., or 5 sets for $1.00, assorted patterns.
C. R. QUINBY, Custom Dept.,
Pleasantville Station, N. Y.

WITH
FIVE DOLLARS
YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE
IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN
100 FLORINS
GOVERNMENT BOND,
ISSUED IN 1864.

Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings, FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY, Until each and every Bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every Bond MUST draw a prize, as THERE ARE NO BLANKS.

THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO
200,000 FLORINS,
20,000 FLORINS,
15,000 FLORINS,

And Bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than **200 Florins.**

The next drawing takes place on the
1st of June, 1883,

And every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of June is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders, sent in REGISTERED Letters, and enclosing $5, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
No. 207 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., New York City.
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

N. B.—In writing, please say that you saw this in THE JUDGE.

WEBER
MANUFACTURER OF
Grand, Square and Upright
PIANO FORTES.
CATALOGUE MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.
WAREROOMS,
5th Avenue and West 16th Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

BEHNING
FIRST CLASS
Grand, Square & Upright
PIANOS.
Warerooms: 15 E. 14th St. & 129 E. 125th St.
Factory, N. E. corner 124th st. and 1st ave., New York.

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS, DICE, &c.
A SURE THING! Sent Free to Anyone. I manufacture and keep constantly on hand every article known to the Sporting Fraternity, and used by them to WIN with in games of chance. Send for my mammoth circular. Address, or call in person, ALF. SUYDAM, 63 & 65 Nassau St., New York City.

CATARRH
To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A HOME Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address
Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

I CURE FITS When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl Street, New York.

THE ONLY RELIABLE TOKAY EVER IMPORTED INTO THE U. S.
Is that of MAX GREGER, 232 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

A SOCIAL CALL.

GOULD TO VANDERBILT.—"*That is the wine for you, old fellow, if you want to enjoy your money in undisturbed health.*"

A COMPOSITTOR who was puzzling over one of Horace Greely's manuscripts, eagerly and savagely observed: "If Belshazzar had seen this handwriting on the wall he would have been more terrified than he was."—*Unidentified Exchange.*

"WHERE are your kids?" a society man asked, looking at the bare hands of a poor but deserving editor at Vanderbilt's party. "At home in bed," was the indignant reply; "do you suppose I'd bring my children to a party like this?"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SEVERAL of our exchanges are devoting considerable space to the importance of "cooking girls." It's no use. We don't want them cooked. The raw damsel is good enough.—*Hartford Times.*

"HULLOA, Charles! where is your gray hair?" asked one old beau of another. "You see, I am badly mashed on Miss Moneybags, and I—well, you see, I—" "Oh yes; you are dyeing for love."—*Boston Star.*

"TENNESSEE wheat is safe," says a dispatch. This leads the Peoria *Transcript* to suppose that Treasurer Polk could not get away with it.

CHICKEN salad often re-veals yesterday's dinner.—*Boston Commercial Advertiser.*

A LIGHT-weight champion—the corner groceryman.—*Georgia Major.*

"HERE, now," said a mother to her little boy, "take this good medicine. It's sweet as sugar." "Mamma, I love little brother," the boy replied; "give it to him."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

IT is said that General Grant will be on the next two-cent postage stamp. Then we can all lick him, but we will have to do it behind his back.—*Bradford Sunday Times.*

"I THRASHED the little boys, and mashed the big ones," was the young school-marm's explanation of her success in subduing an unruly school.—*Brookline Chronicle.*

CANADA claims owls so big that they attack men. This Canada fiction was probably started by some woman to keep her husband home at night.—*Phila. Chron. Herald.*

"I WOULDN'T mind going up so high," said the hotel guest, "if the bill was not made out in the same way."—*Wheeling Jour.*

WHEN are two tramps like common time in music? When they are two beats in a bar.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A MAN'S strength is said to lie in his hair, and therefore it naturally follows that a lion conquers his prey by mane force.—*Sat. Night.*

THERE is a marked difference between getting up with the lark and staying up to have one.—*Philada. North American.*

A DISAPPOINTED OFFICE-SEEKER.

THE Washington *Republican* tells how a full-grown possum was caught on the stone coping of the west front of the capitol building, by Mr. Thomas W. Steele, foreman of the House folding-room. The *Republican* does not mention whether the opossum was caught napping on the coping; but, if caught at all, this seems probable. The fate of this opossum is only another illustration of how many go to Washington to shear, and come away shorn. Unless this opossum is different from the majority of animated nature, he went to the capitol after a steal—he did not reckon on the probability of getting a Steele after him. He was unfortunate in other respects; he was found out before he had time to introduce his bill—and the stone coping of any building does not present many facilities for having a bill introduced into it—even the bill of such an astute old bird as the 'possum. The fate of the poor fellow has not yet been determined upon. The *Republican* thinks it probable he will be roasted; but as his captor is foreman of the House folding-room, it would seem more in accordance with poetic justice that he should be folded. Mr. Steele had better use him to start a 'possum pen.

BOODLE and his friend were dining at Delmonico's, when Boodle remarked, "Do you know why the waiter is like my running horse 'Get-left'?"

"Can't decipher any particular resemblance."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to tell you. My horse runs for stakes—see? and plates—see? and cups; see?"

"Oh, yes; quite a similarity. And another you didn't mention."

"What?"

"Why, neither of the beasts ever get 'em."

MADAME ADAM has been giving a children's party in Paris in honor of her two grand-daughters. The terpsichorean exercises concluded with the farandole. THE JUDGE has seen the farandole; he has seen it danced in "Olivette," and unless his memory is at fault the old Adam must be cropping out pretty extensively in Madame Adam's grand-daughter.

THE Boston *Transcript* has been puzzling itself to find out why women kiss each other, and has arrived at the conclusion that they do it to stop each other talking. This is very uncharitable of the *Transcript*, especially as a moment's reflection would convince it that women kiss each other in obedience to the Divine command, "Do unto one another as ye would men should do unto you."

Oh, ye who sell lager beer, read: In Berlin there is a mark on each glass where the foam and the beer must meet, before it can pass as a glass of beer. We want that law here. There's too many saloonists breaking their backs holding a beer glass four feet from the keg to make a heavy lather for the drinkers.

THE Treasury Department has put a tax of 25 per cent. on old India-rubber overshoes when collected and sold to be marked over. They ought to make it 99 per cent. Manufacturers have got so now they work over everything into rubber overshoes. They go so far, even, as to get people's feet into them.

ALL scissored funny items haven't double points, and there's where they differ from the shears.

"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt-Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sun-Burn and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price—Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. Boston, Mass.

A Positive Cure is ELY'S CREAM BALM, FOR CATARRH

Considered Incurable.

I cheerfully add my testimony to the value of Ely's Cream Balm as a specific in the case of one of our family who has been seriously debilitated with Catarrh for 8 years, having tried ineffectually other remedies and several specialty doctors in Boston. She improved at once under the discovery, and has regained her health and hearing, which had been considered incurable.

ROBT. W. MERRILL, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail 50c. a package—stamps.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

PENS THE MOST POPULAR IN USE. Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161. FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS. ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

A MEMBER of Congress—was he from Michigan?—was recently invited to a dinner in Washington. He says: "There wasn't anything on the table when I got there but some forks and spoons and bricky-brack. Presently they brought in some soup. As I didn't see nothin' else I thought I'd eat all the soup I could, though soup is a mighty poor dinner to invite a feller to. So I was helped four times; and then come on the finest dinner I ever see. And there I set," groaned he, "chock full of soup!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"A COUPLE of years ago a lady in San Francisco lost a valuable diamond very mysteriously, and a few weeks since a rat was captured in the bath-room of the house, and in the rodent's stomach was the lost diamond." The happy thought of opening the rat is the most remarkable part of the story. —*Norristown Herald.*

THE bicycle rider with a cultivated taste for the beautiful will never pass a carriage containing young ladies of his acquaintance, while he will ride for miles at the side. He knows well enough that the profile of a bicycle rider is all right, while a front or rear view is "puffickly rediculus."—*Lowell Cit.*

THERE is a man in Indiana who cries whenever he gets sleepy. He is considered a great card for a prosy preacher, who always redoubles his efforts and lengthens his sermons when this parishioner prepares for a slumber.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

TAKE warning by this young man's fate;
He *would* leave off his flannels.
He's sleeping now 'neath a silver plate,
And his coffin has rosewood panels.
Bradford News.

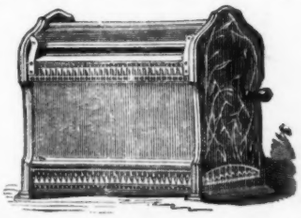
Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale.
SOLE MANUFACTORY: BELFAST, IRELAND.

UNITED STATES
MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.

$5,000 Accident Insurance. $25 Weekly Indemnity. Membership Fee, $1. Annual Cost about $10. Write for Circular and Application blank. European Permits.

CHAS. B. PEET, President.
(Of Rogers, Peet & Co.)
(7tf) JAS. R. PITCHER, Sec'y.
320 and 322 Broadway.

MUSICAL NOVELTIES.



Music Boxes from $1.00 Up.
ORGUINETTES, CABINETTOS, TOURNAPHONES, MUSICAL CABINETS, AUTOMATIC PIANOS, PIPE AND REED ORGANS.
SMALL INSTRUMENTS, $8 TO $30. LARGE INSTRUMENTS, $60 TO $2.50.

831 BROADWAY,
Between 12th and 13th Streets.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.
THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE COMPANY.

No. 194 Fifth Avenue,
Under Fifth Ave Hotel,
No. 212 Broadway,
Corner Fulton Street,
STYLES ARE CORRECT.

KNOX, THE HATTER'S
WORLD-RENOWNED

ENGLISH HATS,
"Martin's" Umbrellas,
"DENTS" GLOVES,
Foreign Novelties.
QUALITY, the Best.

AGENTS for the sale of these remarkable **HATS** can be found in every City in the United States.

All Hats manufactured by this House are the recognized standard of excellence throughout the world.

None Genuine without the Trade-mark.

30 PIECES CHOICE MUSIC FREE TO EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER.

The publishers of KENDALL'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE, an Elegant Printed and Beautifully Illustrated Periodical, which is highly praised by both press and public, and is replete with literary entertainment for the home circle, having departments to interest and instruct all ages, desiring to add to the already very large circulation, make the following MOST GENEROUS AND ASTOUNDING OFFER: On receipt of 27 cents (or nine 3-cent postage stamps) to cover cost of postage, packing, and advertising, they agree to send their Magazine for Three Months, and in addition to send THIRTY PIECES of new, choice, and popular MUSIC, by the most celebrated American and Foreign composers, all having complete words and music. They are the same pieces that are sold singly at 30 and 35 cents, and would cost at usual music store prices NOT LESS than $9.00.

In consideration of our liberality we request persons receiving the MUSIC, to show it to friends and to state from whence it was obtained. We feel confident that we shall be well repaid for our generosity by receiving thousands of yearly subscriptions from those who receive the Magazine for three months as above. ADDRESS AT ONCE

(Please return this notice with your order.) KENDALL & CO., 5 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
Beatty's Organs and Pianofortes.
THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOUSE IN AMERICA.

AS the time is approaching when many will buy something handsome for **HOLIDAY, Birthday or Wedding Presents**, I beg to announce that nothing can be more suitable than an **ORGAN or PIANOFORTE.** Before you make a purchase write for **ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE** showing **elegant** styles at lowest prices. **DO NOT BUY ELSEWHERE until you SEND FOR HOLIDAY CIRCULARS, NOW READY. Valuable information to the retail buyer.** If you have no time to write a letter send a postal anyway.

Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY,
BEATTY'S MANUFACTORY: Railroad Ave. & Beatty St. | BEATTY'S OFFICES AND WAREROOMS: Beatty Building, Washington Ave,
WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY, United States of America.
"The Largest Organ and Piano Establishment in Existence."
While as a rule over the doors of other manufactories you read "Positively No Admittance, &c.," over Beatty's you read
"VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME."

A BOON TO MEN

All those who from indiscretions, excesses or other causes are weak nerved, low spirited, physically drained, and unable to perform life's duties properly, can be certainly and permanently cured, without stomach medicines. Endorsed by doctors, ministers and the press. *The Medical Weekly* says: "The old plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, &c., is wholly superseded by THE MARSTON BOLUS." Even hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and perfect manhood. Simple, effective, cleanly, pleasant. Send for treatise. Consultation with physician free.
MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th St., New York.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE.
We send free, on THIRTY days' trial, Dr. Dye's Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances TO MEN suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and kindred troubles.—Also for RHEUMATISM, LIVER and KIDNEY TROUBLES, and MANY OTHER DISEASES. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated pamphlets free. Address
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

50 All New Enameled Gold and Floral Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. W. H. Card Works, West Haven, Ct.

BEST CARDS SOLD! All new: 50 Large, Perfect Chromos, name on, 10c. Beautiful designs of Art. Satisfaction Sure. Elegant Album of Samples with Mammoth Illustrated Premium List, 25c. Good Work. Prompt Returns. F. W. Austin, New Haven, Ct.

A STARTLING DOMESTIC REVOLUTION

HAVE YOU HEARD OF

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Which is declared by Editors, Housekeepers, Scientific Men, Physicians, and by Army and Navy Officers, to be one of the

MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES OF MODERN TIMES

Have you heard how representatives of the best class of newspapers, having visited the Factory, were amazed at the enormous amount of Soap manufactured, the entire absence of any unpleasant odor, and the absolute cleanliness and purity of the ingredients;

Have you heard how it excels FOR ALL USES the Celebrated Soaps of Europe and America

Started in a small way and backed only by its remarkable and amazing qualities, it has achieved marvelous success, and now boasts a Factory fitted up with the most approved machinery, and an office on the most prominent street of the city of its nativity, while an extensive demand from all parts of the United States and Canada, and letters continually being received from Europe, Africa, China, Japan, Sandwich Islands, West Indies, and South America, show that its fame is spreading to every portion of the Civilized World —a phenomenal success only possible to an article worthy to rank with the inventions of Morse, of Howe, and of Edison.

A Fair, Honest Trial makes it indispensable to every Man, Woman and Child who uses Soap

JUDGE TOURGEE in "OUR CONTINENT"

Has fallen in line, and that well-known and ably-edited periodical says:

That the publisher and his family having tested The Frank Siddalls Soap, are prepared to acknowledge its superiority over all other Soaps

Use it for Washing Windows and Mirrors

Forney's Progress

(The world-renowned American society paper:—a piquant record of fashion and of fashion's doings, both in our own country and in Europe,)

Enrolls itself among the warmest of the friends of The Frank Siddalls Soap, which has Mrs. Forney's earnest recommendations as being indispensable for both Toilet and Household use.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving

THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS

(The great family non-sectarian religious weekly, circulating in every State and Territory, and accepted as an authority by thinking men and women throughout the U. S.)

Gives editorial endorsement in the strongest language of every claim made for The Frank Siddalls Soap.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes

THE N.Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER

(Undoubtedly the most influential Catholic Journal in America, edited by James A. McMaster, Esq., a man whose pen is ever found ready to extol or condemn as his strict sense of truth and justice dictates)—

Has given The Frank Siddalls Soap emphatic endorsement in the editorial column of his paper, insisting that his readers shall study their own interests by availing themselves of its valuable qualities for Toilet as well as for Laundry use.

Do not omit to read our

Special Premium to the Wives of Grocers

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

—FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE—

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water is scarce, or has to be carried far, remember that with The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc. from the forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dish-rag—or—Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of

—FOR HOUSE CLEANING—

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike housekeeper. **Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning.** Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap is not fit for washing glass, while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant Article for this purpose that can be imagined.

For Washing Bed-Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with contagious and infectious diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick Room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without the least necessity of scalding or boiling a single article.

—FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

—FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL—

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, *leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a Scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.*

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army, and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

—FOR SHAVING—

Its heavy, lasting Lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

—FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.—

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. **No Stable is complete without it.** For harness it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car-windows, cleaning the running gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, **and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.**

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar Soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

—IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS—

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

—AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT—

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for washing sores on the feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes. Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For Washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to do everything claimed in this Advertisement, and positively contains nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

SPECIAL PREMIUM TO THE WIVES OF GROCERS.

A most magnificent Premium can be had by the Wife of every Grocer in the United States.

The Premium is a very handsome velvet-lined case, containing 6 beautiful heavy Silver-plated Knives and 6 Forks manufactured specially for this purpose, and guaranteed to be the finest quality made.

THE PREMIUM WILL BE GIVEN TO THE *WIFE OF A GROCER* EVEN IF HER HUSBAND *DOES NOT SELL THE SOAP.*
IT WILL BE SENT *AFTER* SHE HAS MADE A *THOROUGH TRIAL* OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,
AND ENOUGH SOAP TO MAKE THE TRIAL WILL BE SENT *FREE OF CHARGE.*

The Wife of a Grocer who desires to get this valuable premium *MUST* try a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap on the whole of the regular family wash *strictly by the very easy directions*, and then send word by mail to the office in Philadelphia, together with business card or printed advertisement of some kind, to show that her husband is a grocer:—or send a bill for groceries bought of some wholesale grocer.

IF YOU SELL THE SOAP YOU CAN GET A CAKE OUT OF THE STORE TO TRY.
IF NOT, A CAKE WILL BE SENT BY MAIL, *FREE OF CHARGE*, IF THE 2 PROMISES ARE MADE.
(*The Premium is NOT sent until AFTER a thorough trial of the Soap has been made.*)

The offer is NOT a humbug;—letters get prompt attention. If you dont get any reply to your letter asking about the present, it will be because you have not sent word that you have tried the Soap, or because you have not sent proof that you are the wife of a grocer.

Sold in New York by H. K. & F. B. THURBER & Co., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & Co., AUSTIN, NICHOLS & Co., and many others.—Sold by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer in Philadelphia.—Sold in Chicago by W. M. HOYT & Co., HARMON, MERRIAM & Co., ROCKWOOD BROS., and many others.—Sold in Boston by BRIGGS & SHATTUCK, MARTIN L. HALL & Co., HOWARD W. SPURR & Co., and many others.—Sold in Pittsburg, Harrisburg, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, New Orleans, Providence, Brooklyn, San Francisco, Washington, Ithaca, Utica, Troy, Albany, Hartford, New Haven, Rochester, Trenton, Newark, Wilmington, Louisville, St. Paul, Omaha, Victoria (B. C.), Halifax, Montreal, Burlington, Wheeling, Columbus, Erie, Cleveland, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Portland, Syracuse, Dayton, Peoria, Jersey City, Haverhill, Rome, Binghampton, Paterson, Minneapolis, Bridgeport, Quincy, Terre Haute, Davenport, Cedar Rapids, Kalamazoo, Atchison, Jacksonville.—Sold in every State and Territory and in nearly every town and village in the United States.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, *that is always pleasant, even to an invalid,* it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even the Imported Castile Soap causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth powder or tooth wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth brush.

This Soap is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE OR WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a Sponge has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out;*) it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid such troub

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired wl kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Des for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, will not cl from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, but of course no home-ma or other soap (not even Castile) must be used.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

If you have a Pet Dog wash it with The Frank Siddalls Soap; be sure to leave plenty the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasiona with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—**it** keeps the colors bright, and as it does away with scrubb them, they will, of course, last much longer.

Milk Pans, Churns, and all Milk Utensils when washed with the Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do not require scalding or putting in the s It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY

At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in Money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the Advertisement in "The Judge." Only send for One Cake, and make the following TWO PROMISES:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used *the first wash-day* after receiving it, *and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.*

Promise No. 2—That *the person sending will personally see* that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be *exactly* followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* and it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in POSTAGE STAMPS will be put on.

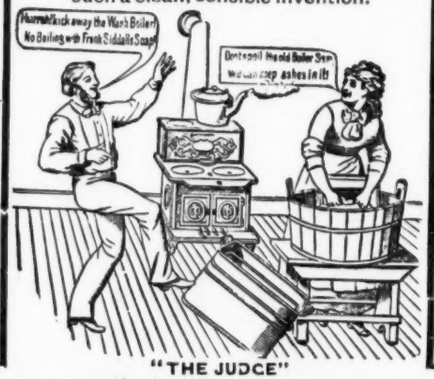
All this is done for 10 cents, *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

Only one cake must be sent for, but after trying it, the stores will then buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer or the Wife of a Minister, if the above TWO promises are made.

Make the promises very plain, or it will not be sent.

No Intelligent Woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.



"THE JUDGE"
authorizes the statement that a thorough test of The Frank Siddalls Soap for Toilet and General Household Uses *in the houses of gentlemen connected with its staff* proves it to be everything claimed.

The Frank Siddalls Soap never fails when it falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

Dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next Wash-day give one honest trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

You must NOT send for more than one cake, *if a friend wants to try it, she MUST send in a separate letter.*

☞ And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHE

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age, who has common sense, will have no trouble in following them

A Wash-boiler *Must Not* be used, *not even to heat the wash-water,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

Where water is scarce or has to be carried far, The Frank Siddalls Soap will prove a great saving.

A Wash-boiler will always have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful Housekeeper,* and this injures some of the delicate ingredients in this Soap.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems.

☞ *Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.*

Be sure to make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the Soap, *but will be as sweet as if never worn,* and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron much easier. *Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch: it will make the ironing easier, and the pieces look handsomer.*

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; *dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other Soap on any of the wash.*

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold, add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a piece is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

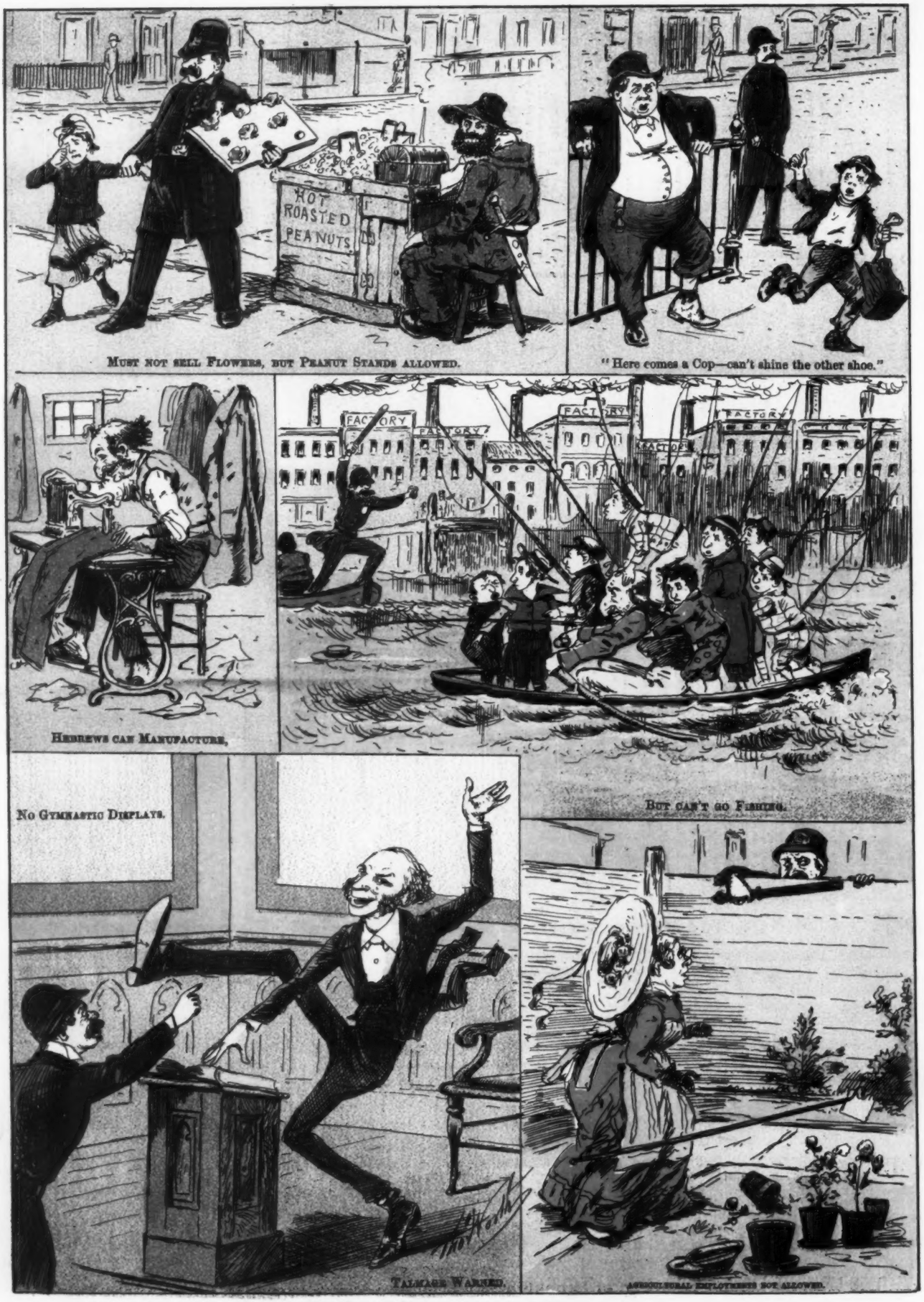
NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the White Pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

The most delicate colors will not fade when washed this way, but will be the brighter.

Address all Letters:—Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHI



MUST NOT SELL FLOWERS, BUT PEANUT STANDS ALLOWED.

"Here comes a Cop—can't shine the other shoe."

HEBREWS CAN MANUFACTURE,

BUT CAN'T GO FISHING.

NO GYMNASTIC DISPLAYS.

TALMAGE WARNED.

AGRICULTURAL EMPLOYMENTS NOT ALLOWED.

The Humors of the Amended Sunday Law.